

EPISTAXIS



VOLUME XXII • 1934

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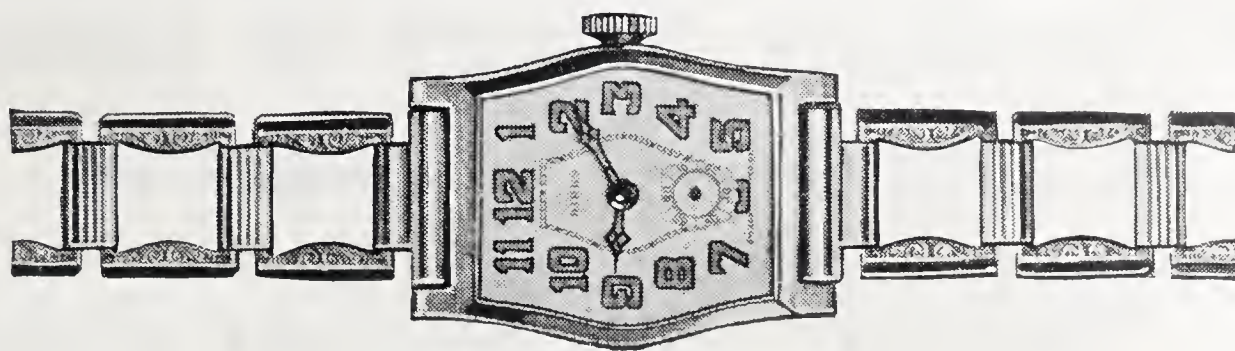
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EPISTAXIS



AS Dr. Duncan Graham has so aptly said, Epistaxis may be the Chief Complaint, but close scrutiny into the Past History of the case will reveal the fact that this Present Illness is but a seasonal flare-up of a deep-seated and chronic disorder, which first gave symptoms some thirty-nine years ago. It is further to be hoped that this bloody (by definition) and occasionally, frankly purulent Periodical may cause no greater consternation than customary among the anxious relatives and that the inevitable sequelae of febrile exacerbations maintain themselves within endemic limits.

The editors realize the hopelessness of treating a condition of such long standing. It would be the most wretched presumption on their part to try to do what so many more illustrious men have attempted in the past—to cleanse the Epistaxian stall in the Augean stable of modern literature and make Epistaxis a thing of sweetness and light, an inspiration and uplifting force to the world at large.

Abandoning, therefore, all hope of permanent cure, symptomatic treatment has been instituted and the patient carried on under his usual regime.

When last seen by the editor, he was sitting up in bed, his nose packed with 5% cocainized gauze, waiting for the censor and sipping placidly at a double whiskey and soda.

E. J. DELORME.



WHY I CAME INTO MEDICINE OR THE FRESHMAN'S DREAM

“How do you do, Mrs. Jones—daughter sick? What, May?—(fine she’s a honey)—Oh yes, Mrs. Jones, pains in the stomach?—oh, her neck—I see—too bad (too bad it wasn’t her stomach). Ah, how are you, May, lovely day out. Yes, now let’s see. Say ahhhh. (What lips, what eyes, what hair, what teeth). That’s fine, May, your throat is fine—perfectly normal—And now I think your chest—yes, right off if you don’t mind. Perhaps, Mrs. Jones, she would be less embarrassed if you left the room—yes, close the door please—tight, yes—draughts, you know. And now May (hm—T.B.)—I’ll listen to your heart. What you’d like to hear?—why sure—no never mind I’ll hold the other end for you—you see, you wouldn’t know where to put it and I do (you’re damned right I do—I didn’t spend six years for nothing). You don’t feel embarrassed with me, do you, May? A bit young, perhaps, I know—what am I feeling for? your liver, of course. I’ll tell you as I do it—your transverse colon, descending colon—May, please just relax, it makes things easier. Now May, please just lie still—now don’t be foolish dear, you see, I know just what to do—I am a doctor—don’t grab my hand—you’re quite all right—what, Mrs. Jones (she would come back)—oh, no, your daughter’s much better (much better than I thought), just a little touchy—I mean touch of flu—oh, yes, I’ll call again to-morrow.

Sunday School Teacher: And who was the mother of Moses?
Little Mary: Pharaoh’s daughter.
S. S. T.: But she only found him in the bullrushes.
Little Mary: Get wise, dummy, that was her story.

We must give space to welcome an echo from former days. It was at a recent Pathology conference and Tommy Belt was feeling particularly jovial.
“Did this case of septic abortion leave the—er, nursing home in Buffalo the same day the operation was performed?”
“Yes, sir,” answered Zeigler.
“You might say, cash and carry, eh, Zeigler?” smiled the old Daffydillian.
“No, sir—I’d say, cash and miscarry,” returned Zeigler, thus scoring one for the common people.

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HOW DRUNK IS DRUNK

The various degrees of intoxication, which C. W. Muchlberger, Coroner's Chemist to the City of Chicago, said science could determine by blood analysis, are listed by him as follows:

Dry and decent—less than one milligram of alcohol in the blood.

Devilish—one to two milligrams.

Delinquent and disgusting—two to three milligrams.

Dizzy and delirious—three to four milligrams.

Dazed and disgusted—four to five milligrams.

Dead drunk—any amount over five milligrams.

An Irish lady on her way to Church one Sunday morning, was involved in an accident. Her first question on regaining consciousness, was: "Is Mass out?"

The copper smiled and replied: "No, lady, but your dress is torn at the back."

According to the most reliable experts in jurisprudence, a cookie is just a doughnut that's still a legal virgin.

Dr. Van Wyke, the ambitextrous lecturer, bringing the Burnside mannikin safely through the second stage of her 893rd labor before an admiring class.

"You will note, gentlemen, that the nurse stays under the sheets while I remain outside the sheets—that's the way we keep things clean around here."

A discussion of the Possible Interrelationship Existing Between Creeping
Hang-Nail and Duck's Disease, The Social Scourge

By KASPAR KREMOWITZ

IN the last five years the increasing frequency with which street-car diagnoses have been made of Duck's disease has caused a good deal of concern among the Illiterati, the Unintelligentzia, the Rickettsia and an exclusive school of Hemoflagellates whose parents came over in the private septic tank on the Mayflower.

A graphic picture of the condition will be conveyed by the following three typical cases:

Occupation	Confluent	Resonant	Sink Test	Wassername	Mental Attitude
1. Pearl-diver	+	x x x	yes	Agnes 4+	Heard voices while under water
2. Eskimo	—	(x-x)	floated	Mabel, if a man answers, hang up	Blubbered when questioned
3. Wharf-rat	÷	▲▲▲	"God, no"	Won't talk but has "Becky" tattooed on his stomach	Typical low-brow. Bites forehead at meals.

In evaluating these most interesting data, Dr. Alan "Booboo" Brown, Pedestrian to the Hospital for Stool Pigeons, has pointed out with his usual acumen that the equipment at this hospital is the best in the city even though it doesn't work. (Laughter and applause).

In Case I. the patient first noted that his pulse had become a dark brown, with occasional lumpy curds and he at once sold his wife and came to consult Brown, of Toronto. It was immediately apparent to him that even in the presence of positive cultures of fungi in the patient's ears and the distinct possibility of fractional allegens acting as agents secondarily to the disturbed cocoanut oil metabolism, subsequent upon paroxysmal deposition of coral in the patient's ilio-sacral synchondrosis, that the patient's name was Kileahyloa and that he lived at 24 Nassau St., Hamilton, Bermuda. (See article by Kremowitz, Kremowitz and Hippocrates, "The effect of holding the breath on strawberry birth marks.")

On the publication of Kremowitz' remarkable paper, Dr. Urquhart, working for almost two hours without tea or biscuits, succeeded in elaborating from the above paper a new type of filter paper which has the properties of automatically giving tests for sugar, acetone, blood, bile, urobilin and albumin, thereby eliminating two years from the medical course and six months of internship, and constituting one of the greatest advances in medicine since Paracelsus called the medical faculty "a misbegotten crew of self-approved asses" and burned Galen's "Air, Fire, Salt and Pepper" on the front campus of Padua.

It can only be added that the facts available are inconclusive, the opinions controversial and the whole problem very problematical.

Second Barnacle on the Bottom of Progress: "If it's warm, Bertie, I shall probably perspire."

3rd cut of 10%—"There goes my amateur standing."

Mrs. Murphy—"Did ye ever see me bum?"

388 Yonge Street - Toronto
(Take Elevator)

A DERMOID DRAMA

A woman there was and she bore a son,
To witness if I lie,
He'd coal black hair, an insolent stare,
And the blood lust in his eye.

The woman sighed and shortly died
In diabetic coma.
A P.M. revealed what lay concealed—
A Cystic Teratoma.

Some cells were there, some strands of
hair,
An assorted set of bones,
And a thing in a cyst that should never
be missed,
A layer of rods and cones.

A rag and a bone and a hank of hair,
An eye (it seemed a male eye),
Some chunks of glue, a tooth or two,
And a Sustentaculum Tali.

A maid there was, surpassing fair,
Of lowliest extraction;
She'd eyes of blue and curly hair,
And an error of refraction.

Now the villain sought to wed the lass,
"Come, be my wife," he hissed.
She replied, "Sir Hugh, I'm not for you,
For I love that Dermoid Cyst.

"I love the bits of bric-a-brac
That really are your brother;
I love them so I'd never go
And join me to another.

"Such an eye is there, such auburn hair,
Such a graceful set of bones,
There's a bit of spleen, and I never have
seen
Such heavenly rods and cones."

Sir Hugh then ground his teeth and
frowned,
"You little fool," he hissed
"How the World will laugh and the
World will chaff
Should you mate with a Dermoid Cyst."

"I care not what the World may say,
Nor what the World may do,
But I'd give my hand to a Septic Gland
Before I'd marry you.

"Your wedded wife I'll never be,
My pedigree stands in the way,
I, a persistent R. O. P.
You, a paltry L. S. A."

Sir Hugh then entered Parliament,
And added to the list
A bill which said no one may wed
A deceased wife's Dermoid Cyst.

The years roll on and she, poor lass,
Grows more and more pathetic,
And seeks to hide Time's awful tide
With artifice cosmetic.

Her lover's hair about her own
She mingled to console her,
And in her plate did incorporate
Her cystic Love's premolar.

So they went to meet their fate,
Two young lives sadly blighted,
And though in life they were separate
In death they were united.

Now the little odds and ends were sent
To the Institute of Lister;
And what had been thought was a mascu-
line Cyst
Proved a cystic little sister!

X. S.B.H.J., Jan., 1923.

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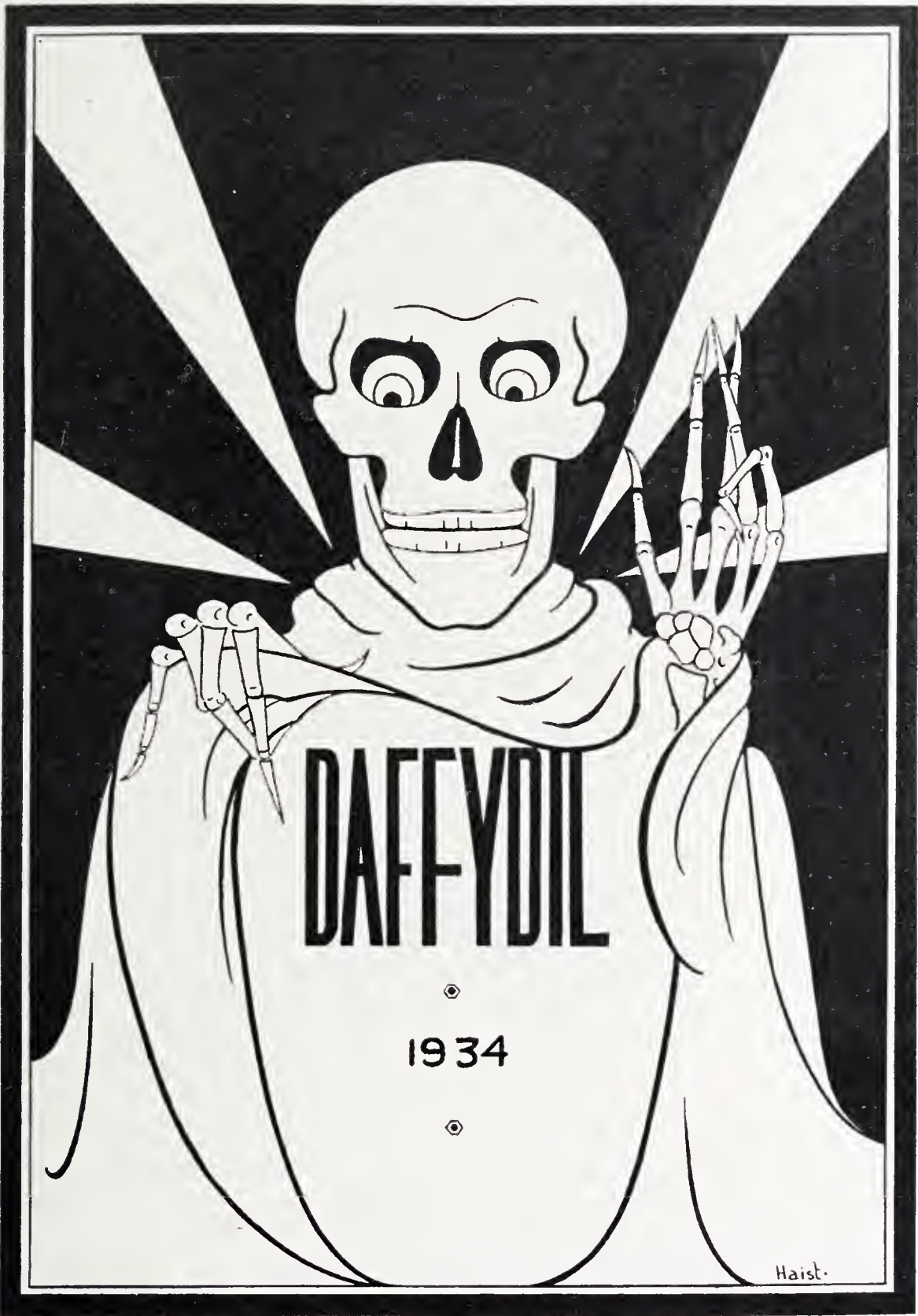
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FIRST YEAR
IN A MORGUE

Characters:

No. 1—R. A. G. Lane.	No. 3—E. L. Wrathall.
No. 2—F. E. Dawe.	No. 4—M. H. Little.

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Words and Music by W. Breslin

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Delilah—A. Breslin.	L. Williams,
Sultan—A. Smith.	W. Bigelow,
Announcer—W. Apted.	J. Howes,
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Mrs. Guess (a woman)—W. T. Mustard.
Percival—(a pansy)—M. Stout.
Hank (a he-man)—M. Greene.
Narie Tapahaski (another woman)—R. Jung.

FOURTH YEAR
Lewd Interchange

Clinician—E. G. MacLoghlin.	Students—H. J. Bright, D. Mayner,
Patient—C. H. Hair.	G. D. Wixon, A. Young, W. Ross.
Nurse—H. H. Campbell.	



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Scenes adapted from Revue Sketches by Ronald Jeans, “Mixed Methods” and “Not Lost”.

Scene 1—

Maid—Helen Scott.
Mrs. Playfair—Elspie Halnan.
Mr. Washer—Margaret Bickle.

Scene 2—

Patient—Barbara Watts.
Nurse—Ruth Bourne.
Patient’s Wife—Charlotte Small.
Doctor—Mary Sanderson.

Scene 3—

Patient—Geraldine Maloney.
Convalescent—Dorothy Redmond.

FIFTH YEAR

Mob Scene

Doctor—J. U. Coleman.	Mr. Bobbin—Bill Wilson.
Nurse—J. D. Hamilton.	Ethyl Petrol—Eric Davey.
Mrs. Snodgrass—H. Dunham.	First Patient—G. Williams.
Mr. Grumblethorp—W. Cameron.	Second Patient—R. Chenoweth.
Miss Birdwhistle—A. L. Chute.	

SIXTH YEAR

THE LAST ROUND UP

As interpreted by I. W. Davidson

Dr. Alan Brown—A. B. Noble.	Dr. V. E. Henderson—K. P. Bonner.
Dr. Oscar Klotz—D. B. French.	Dr. R. D. Rudolf—F. C. Preston.
Dr. W. Magner—O. E. A. Stephens.	Warden—J. G. Keshin.
Dr. J. Mann—I. W. Davidson.	Morality Officers—H. F. Richardson,
Dr. Geo. Wilson—W. J. Coughlin.	J. F. McCreary.
Dr. J. Hepburn—M. W. Nugent.	Trusty—L. M. Goldenberg.

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Yours not coffingly,

Now Are There Any Questions?

Why did the Lord make the cadaver so intricate,
With arteries so tough, and lymph ducts so delicate?
Why aren't the intestines a tubular sac,
Straight down from the mouth to the end of the back?
Why doesn't water just flow out again,
In through the mouth and out through the drain;
Much rather than messing around with filtration,
Selective absorption and such vacillation?
Why doesn't the heart just splatter the blood
All over the body—like playing in mud;
Much rather than driving it mostly in systole,
But keeping up pressure all through diastole?
Why should we know that the plasma's viscosity
Is caused by the proteins and governs velocity?
Why should dead air space be without use?
And auriculo-ventricular valves hang loose,
Till they suddenly close with the first heart sound
Like the bell in the match at the close of the round?
Why are the reflexes so damn diagnostic?
And pure, simple gasping is labelled "apneustic"?
Why this disease should be caused by a lesion?
And this other disease without evident reason?

—I. J. S.

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And shun, my son, the rattler's rattle,
If nothing else will scare you, thattle.

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The Odyssey

The days of Ulysses were rife
With love and adventure and strife.
At length, growing old,
And his blood getting cold,
He toddled back home to his wife.

The Decameron

When the plague was a menace intense,
For ten days some ladies and gents
Told tales to each other
You wouldn't tell mother;
But still, they relieved the suspense.

The Rubaiyat

Says Omar Khayyam, "Wherefore fret
Over love or religion or debt?
Let the future go hang,
Set 'em up for the gang!
There's time for a couple more yet.

Faust

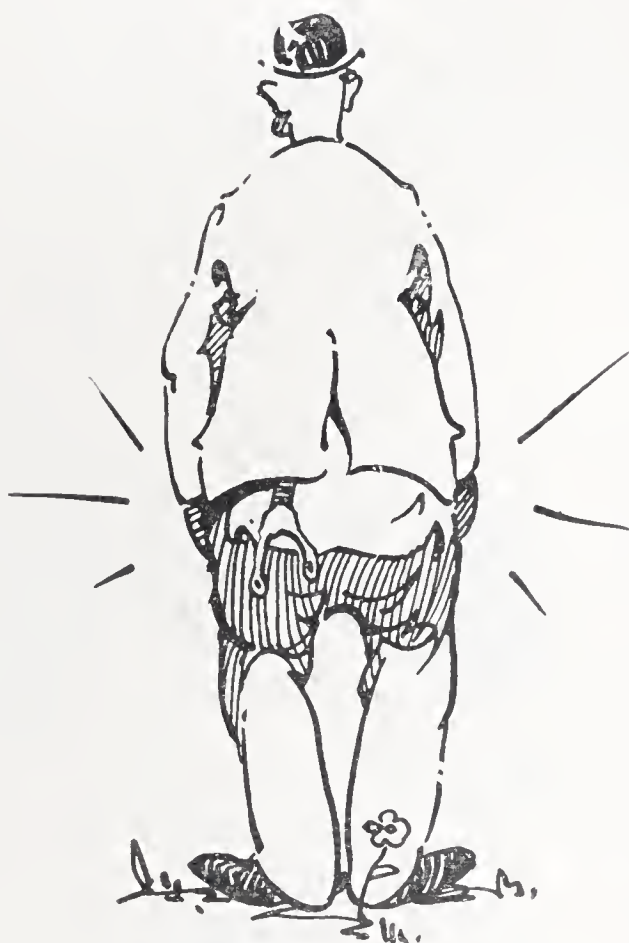
Faust longed to be young, and to revel,
So he bartered his soul to the devil,
And ruined the sweet
And fair Marguerite,
And sank to a very low level.

Hamlet

Prince Hamlet could never decide
To rub out the King, though he tried;
Ophelia went screwy
When poppa went blooey,
And finally everyone died.

LEARN 'EM YOUNG

"Junior, if you don't stop being a
bad boy, you know what will hap-
pen—Dr. Brown will come and get
you."



Typical Case of
Chronic Ducks Disease

Point Well Taken, Hemingway

"Deep breathing kills bacteria."
"Yeh, but how're ya gonna make
'em breathe deeply?"

Mary Johns Coffee Shop

IN THE VILLAGE

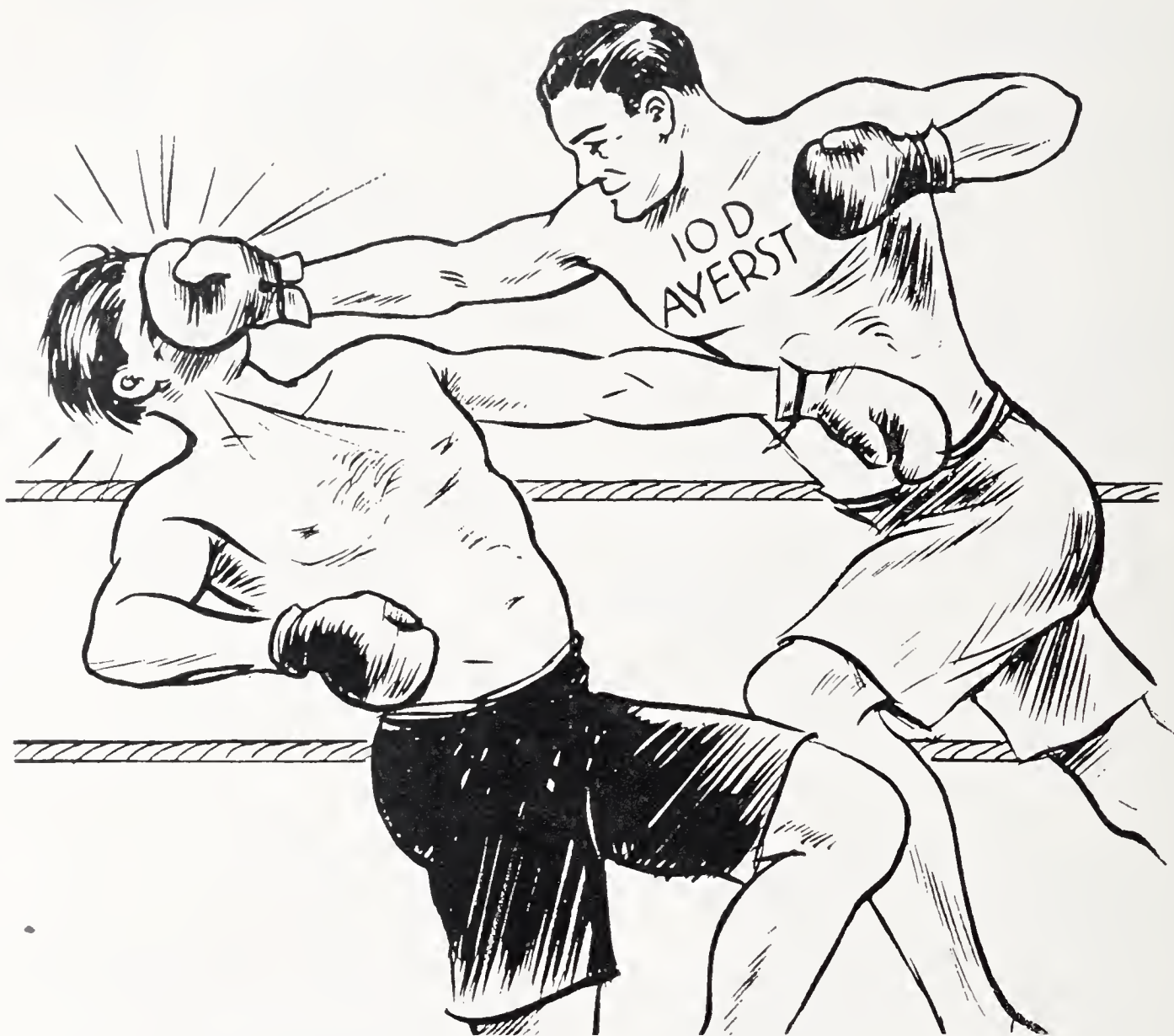
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And how that boy can clout!!!
Kid Influenza—as you see—
Has lost another bout.

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Clinician's Wife: "Dear, I've set my heart on a Rolls Royce."

Clinician, (brutally): "Is that so? Well, that's the only part of your anatomy you ever will set on one."

First T.G.H. Maid: "—and when you went to Atlantic City on your vacation, where did you stop at?"

Second T.G.H. Maid: "Nothing, dearie, nothing."

A MAN OF PARTS

When I was young, the doctor came
To see what made me cough;
He gave my youthful ills a name
And lopped my tonsils off.

Within a year I fell an heir
To rheums no man avoids.
Behold, the learned leech was there
To glean my adenoids.

My paunch grew sore, my spirit slipped,
So in his vade mecum
The doctor pored and straightway
snipped
The tassel off my caecum.

Still, still my anguish made me shout
And I grew pale and sorry,
And so he hewed my gall-stones out
Like pebbles from a quarry.

My joints grew stiff, my dainty bones
Were by my teeth annoyed.
He confiscated them for ones
Made out of celluloid.

The doctor came to me and cried
"I'm very sorry, Sidney,
But as you've heaps of things inside,
Could you just spare a kidney?"

"Why, yes," I said, "my learned friend,
Whatever you suggest.
And let me, doctor, recommend
A little of the breast."

The bright creative genius skipped
To Aesculapian hymns
And soon he had me well equipped
With artificial limbs.

He lined my throat and said I'd learn
The reason for it later.
I wondered that he hadn't turned
Interior decorator.

And now all day to him I pray,
I shout and scream and sob it:
"Oh, cut my intellect away,
I want to be a Robot.

"Doctor," I moan with horrid shame,
"I cannot thus dismiss you,
You've left some patches on my frame
That still consist of tissue."

—D. H. B.

Dr. Fitzgerald: "What is the best
method to prevent the diseases
caused by biting insects?"

V Yr. (in chorus): "Don't bite the
insects!"

DAFFYDIL BANQUET

(Slightly Revised)

There was a young man of high station
Who was found in an odd situation,
When surprised in a ditch
With I won't say a b——,
But a lady of no education.

Dr. Hepburn: "What is the cause
of cancer?"

Stude: "I—I—did know—but I've
forgotten."

Dr. Hepburn: "What a pity! The
only man that ever knew the cause
of cancer—and he's forgotten it!"

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Holding the Bag

The Coeds Chorus: Was I drunk, was he handsome, did my mother give me hell!

MORE FOR THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Dear children, we owe our growing
wealth

Of knowledge on matters of public health
In part to the mammals who make it
clear

That no harm will come of a little beer.

No honest rat will swear on oath
Persistent drinking has stunted his
growth.

A guinea pig after several doses
Still finds no fault with his mental
process

(And nothing to indicate portal cir-
rhosis).

An airedale once admitted to me
He drank Hills and Underwood gin with
his tea,

And though this is thought to unbalance
the brain,

His wife said she never had cause to
complain.

A rabbit told me he used to use
A daily thimble of juniper juice,
And even after such flagrant abuse
Had thousands of children who never
touched booze.

A young tom-cat who was just a
stripling

Through burgundy gained a taste for
Kipling.

A horse informed me, instead of candy,
He used to sprinkle his hay with brandy;
His reaction time was considerably
quicker

Than the stable boy who didn't use
liquor.

So children, heed these faithful critters,
And don't be afraid of the Giant Jitters.
And if, some night, They dance on your
bed,

Just keep in mind what the guinea pig
said.

—D. H. B.

LIFE IS LIKE THIS. SO IS PUNCH

WHEN you sink your teeth into that delicious tart or engulf that struggling oyster, do you stop to consider the uncanny mechanisms by which Mama Nature is going to convert it into bone and sinew and roses for those pretty cheeks? Probably not, and just as well. If you did you would never eat that oyster.

Whether you think of it or not, however, the fascinating process of digestion goes on, day in, day out—some days in, some days out. This is known as the Nitrogen Cycle.

First you should know that those hard white edges of bone which you must have noticed hundreds of times along the front of your mouth are “teeth” and are put there for a very definite purpose. They are Nature’s little sentinels and if you think they aren’t efficient little watchmen, just bite your tongue sometime when it isn’t looking.

Now these hundreds of brave little soldiers, the teeth, which we have in our mouths, take the food and separate it into its component parts, blood, phlegm, black bile and yellow bile.

The tongue, which is one of Nature's Noblemen and is a great comfort to the teeth, spends most of its time acting as an excretory organ of the brain and doing its bit toward the Traffic in Saliva (another great principle of Nature). Sometimes when in the mood, it joins in the fun and tosses the food back and forth between the teeth until there is nothing left of it, except the little bones which you have to take out between your thumb and forefinger and lay on your butter-plate. In doing this, be careful that the bone is really on the butter-plate and that it does not stick to your finger so that you put it into your mouth again on the next trip; for this would make the little white sentries very angry and they might all drop out.

And now comes the really wonderful part of the romance which is being enacted right there under your very eyes. A chemical reaction on the tongue presses a little button which telegraphs down, down, down, 'way down to the cross old Stomach, and says: "Please, sir, do you want this food or don't you?" And the Stomach, whom we shall call "Prince Charming" from now on, telegraphs (or more likely writes) back: "Yes, dear," or "You can do what you like with it for all of me". Just as he happens to feel at the time.

And then, such a hurry and bustle as goes on in the mouth! "Foodie's going to visit Stomach!" all the little teeth cry, and rush about for all the world as if they were going themselves. "All aboard, all aboard!" calls out the tongue and there is a great ringing of bells and blowing of whistles and bumping of porters, and in the midst of it all the poor little oyster, seated nervously on the tongue, ready to be taken down on its first journey alone, down to see Prince Charming. For all the joyousness of the occasion, it is a little sad, too. For that little oyster is going to get some terribly rough treatment before it is through.

(Continued on next page)

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"DEVIL - MAY - CARE" YOUNG MISS WHO DESIRES
THAT NOTHING - AT - ALL FEELING



LET HIM KNOW THAT YOU ARE A LADY
WEAR PIMPONIA PANTIES.



"AND MY DEAR, WHEN HE SAW THAT
THEY WERE PIMPONIAS ———"

(Continued from page 21)

The food is then placed on a conveyor, by means of which it is taken to the Drying Room, situated on the third floor, where it is taken apart and washed and dried, preparatory to going through the pressing machines. These pressing machines are operated by one man, who stands by the conveyor as it brings the food along and tosses it into the vats. Here all rocks and moss are drawn off by mechanical pickers and the food is subjected to treatment in a solution of sulphite, a secret process which is jealously guarded. From here the food is taken to the Playroom, where it plays around a little with the other children until it is time for it to be folded by the girls in the bindery, packed into neat stacks, and wrapped for shipment in bundles of fifty. Some of these bundles, the proteins, are shipped to the bones of the body; others, the hydrates, go to making muscle, while a third class, the sophomores, contribute to making fatty tissue which nobody wants, that is, nobody that has any pride at all about their appearance. The by-products are made into milk-bottle caps, emery wheels, and insurance calendars, and are sold at cost.

Thus we see how wonderfully Nature takes care of us and when Nature asks us to do something, we should certainly do it, if only out of gratitude.

First Orderly: "Do you know what 4-letter word ending in 'P' the Americans voted on?"

Second Panhandler: "Sure, beer."

"When I was young," explains Gus, the elevator man, "they thought I had genius, but it turned out to be worms."

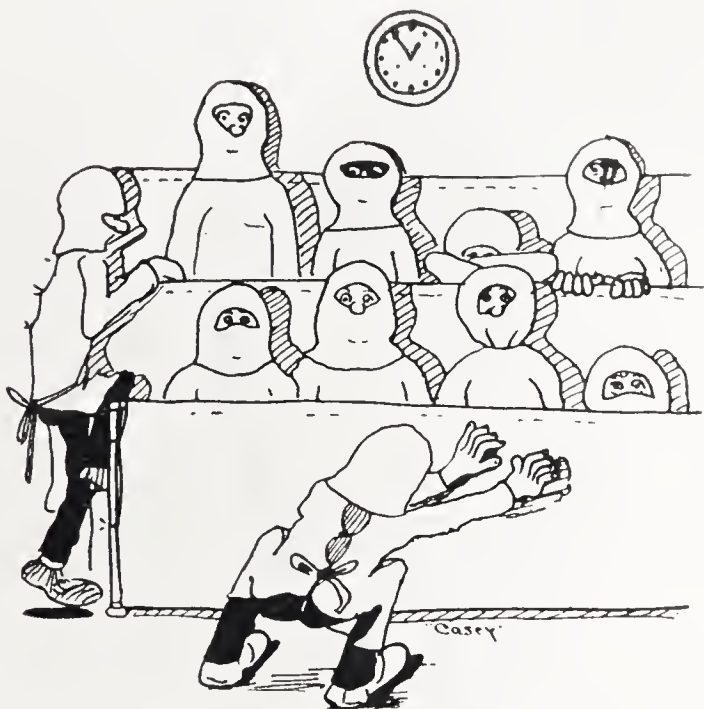
Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. Cadwallader are the proud parents of a fourth son since Thursday.

[ED. NOTE—Nice obstetrics.]

The boys taking histories in the O.P.D. don't like to make any trouble but they would like to meet the bird who talks about "the short and simple annals of the poor".

Sorry About This

It seems that they are breaking ground for a new Ophthamological Hospital in New York. Now that will be a site for sore eyes.



Rah! Rah! Rah! Give 'er ten, Mrs. Finklestein!!

She was only a gardener's daughter but she was a dandelion on the grass.

Lecturer, showing a lantern slide of a little colored girl with a secondary rash, "Now this is a youngster I had when I was in New Orleans."

Dr. Pearce: "Fungating papilloma of the bladder are rare—I had one myself some time ago."

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Of all the bitter things on earth
That hound the hapless med,
It's being called to see a birth,
When sound asleep in bed;

And after rushing through the cold,
At the O.R. door be stopped,
With the saddest story ever told:
"Too bad, old man, it's popped."

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THE SAGA OF THE AOA BID

Now this is the tale of an AOA Bid,
Who lived for his Science and Lab.
He worked and he studied from
morning to night,
He kept himself Pure and he never
got Tight;
Not once in his life had he Blown off
the Lid—
Indeed, his existence was Drab.

Chorus

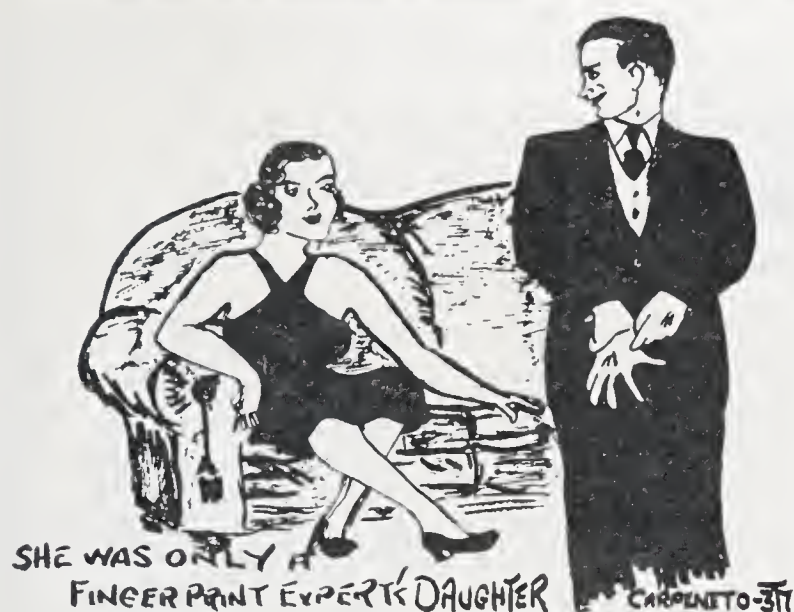
Sing hey! for the kid—for whatever
he did,
'Twas all in the Interests of Science.
But he never missed the More Friv-
olous Side,
His life was a Well-Rounded Whole.
His Loves were cadavers, and frogs
and pipettes,
The hours he slept were his only
Regrets.
And he wept when his first para-
mecium died—
For his was a Scientist's Soul.

And then the boy's cousin came in
from the West,
A Female vivacious and gay.
So he took her out, as a family chore,
Though Parties for him were a
Horrible Bore.
But Nancy was Young, and with all
of Youth's Zest,
She was seized with an Impulse to
Play.

In the taxi, where all Inhibitions are
Freed,
His Instincts she started to Woo.
"Do you know, I think that I've been
a Sap,"
Said the AOA Bid, as she slipped on
his lap.
"Such Practical Research is just
what I need."
So saying, he swiftly Fell To . . .

Chorus

Sing hey! for the kid—for whatever
he did,
'Twas all in the Interests of Science.



In a heated discussion at the Hippocratic Society as to whether persistent cork-pulling was a causative factor in bow-leggedness, Dr. George Wilson was quoted as an example. The argument was refuted, however, by reference to Dr. John Hepburn whose lower extremities are beyond reproach.

The morning after the night before—
 Who banged my head on the hardwood floor?
 Who cracked the walnuts on my skull?
 What makes my bleary sight so dull?
 Oh God! My foot! It must be gout.
 Who tried to tear my tonsils out?
 Who burnt my tongue, who cut my throat?
 (I wish I could get off this boat.)
 Who stuffed my mouth with dirty cotton?
 What makes the atmosphere so rotten?
 What's that you say? The bell
 For breakfast?—Go to hell!
 And let me lie . . .
 (Perhaps I'll die.)
 The very thought of ham and eggs
 Makes plasticine of both my legs.
 You drink and drink and drink and drink
 —and then it all goes down the sink.

You take babies,
 I'll take rabies.

By merely sending the Editor 25c in stamps you can have this little gem tattooed between your shoulder-blades in three colours—with our compliments.

ON THE ANATOMY "SPOT"

A lot of good it does a guy
 To know the muscles of the eye,
 The nerves that run down to the foot,
 In which damn hole the probe is put;
 Because that "sweetly tolling" bell
 To me is like a shot from hell.
 Two minutes gone and you, ya dope,
 Muffed 1 and 2 and can but hope
 That 3 and 4 will surely look
 Like something that is in the book.
 Is it muscle, nerve or vein?
 Oh damn, there goes that bell again!
 Holy smoke! this sure looks bad—
 What in hell will I tell Dad?
 Bong! Bong! Again, my God, it's
 loud—
 If I don't guess right I'm gonna get
 plowed.
 Five more questions, then the prof
 To ask me where the vein comes
 off—
 "Please point it out on this young
 fellow."
 —How can I tell when he's green and
 yellow?
 "Pass right along. Hand in your
 answers."
 Down to the Roxy and boo the
 dancers.
 Tomorrow the lists will read B.L.
 But what the hell, boys, what the
 hell?

—I. H. S.

Dr. Holman: "This is much too large a class; we will have to pluck some of you, ha ha."

Students: "Ha ha."



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